



THE STUDENT'S PEN



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JUNE, 1921

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East Bridgewater, Mass.

The Student's Pen

VOL. II. EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., JUNE, 1921. NO. 2

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

VIRGINIA CHURCHILL, '22

Assistant Editors

Calder Bacon, '22

Gladys Nelson, '21

School News Editor

Helen Bryden, '21

Class Reporters

Philip Murphy, '21

Clayton Leach, '22

Marion Redfield, '23

Edgar Grout, '24

Alumni Editor

Edward Barker, '21

Athletics

Raymond Roach, '21

Business Manager

Carroll B. Hall, '21

Subscription Committee

Edna King, '23

Ralph Leland, '22

Rose Colson, '21

Helen Baker, '22

Ralph Hall, '24

Edgar Grout, '24

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EDITORIALS

What are you doing to be missed? When you leave High School, will some of those remaining feel sorry to lose you? If so, you have gained a goal worth striving for; if not, it would be worth your while to begin now. Ask yourself, "What am I doing to be missed? Where do I fit in?" Weighing the question carefully, are you able to say truthfully that you will be missed, or do you have a twinge of smitten conscience? If you are a help to your classmates in time of trouble, an assistant in your class or school activities, you do fit in and are bound to be missed. This little passage from John Ruskin may be of some consolation to the student who seems to be generally in the background: "Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever."

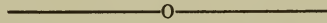
We, the students of the East Bridgewater High School, express our sincerest sympathy, and extend greetings to Miss Loretta Murray, whose cheerful and genial presence has been missing from our faculty for the past few weeks.

WHAT IS YOUR VALENCE?

Technically, "valence" is the combining capacity of an atom of an element. An element may have a valence of I., II., III. or IV. What is yours? You are, in high school, an "atom" of your "element," or class. Your "valence" is your working and combining capacity. Are you a "monad," or

are you a "tetrad"? Do you support your school athletics and other school activities? Do you? Then you are a "tetrad," and we are proud of you. Are you one of those who, when nominated for an office, will rise with the happy suggestion, "Oh, I'm not the one for that; I couldn't fill the position!" If you are, the less said about you the better. Get busy! Be someone!! *Do something!!!*

F. C. Leach '22.

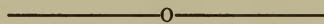


We have always realized that an education was necessary for our success in the world, but it has never been quite such a necessity as now, especially for American girls. For with the passing of the nineteenth amendment we are given a great responsibility, one that should not be taken lightly. Aside from this admission to politics, women are at last recognized as being eligible for many offices which have hitherto been held only by men. Today we have women surgeons, doctors, lawyers, senators and ministers, and we also find women at the head of large business concerns.

All these professions call for an education—a *good* education, and the necessity of this cannot be impressed too strongly upon any girl.

Today the opportunities for the American women are almost unlimited; she can make herself anything she wills, and the way to start is by getting the best education possible. Don't waste your time; make the most of every opportunity. Just how do you regard your opportunity? Are you making the most of it? If not, get busy!

Calder Bacon '22.

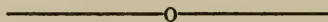


A word to the wise is sufficient. Read Theodore Roosevelt's "The Great Adventure," from cover to cover, with an Open Mind, and you cannot help becoming a better American.

We have had a slight shock on discovering that "The Pen" is not the first school paper that the High School has had. In the year 1901 was published a paper called the "Olla Podrida," which are Spanish words meaning "hash." Although brief and of a short life, it was a paper worthy of the High School. We know not concerning the death of this paper, but unless "The Pen" is upheld by the school with a whole-hearted spirit of co-operation, it may share the same fate as that of the "Olla Podrida."



This year there has come from another state one who is "showing New England up." When different committees or organizations confer to choose someone to fill an office, they all clamor for —. I needn't name him. "He'll work anywhere," they say. Can they say that of you? Get busy E. B.! Show your boasted school spirit! They raise hustlers down in T—, don't they A—?



The English department rejoices over 1921's choice of a class motto, which will not need to be translated for the public, and which cannot be worked in daisies to adorn the top of the Town Hall stage. Seriously, could any class start out from High School with a better thought in mind than that expressed by Booker T. Washington: "Success is to be measured not so much by the position that one reaches in life as by the obstacles which one overcomes while trying to succeed."

SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. Roy Coombs of Boston lately visited the High School and gave a very interesting and well expressed talk on "School Spirit." His topic was very much appreciated by the scholars.

A very successful dance was held April 29th at the Town Hall for the benefit of the baseball team. Levin's Jazz Orchestra furnished the music.

"Quality Street," by Sir James Matthew Barrie, presented by the Class of '22, was a play well worth the time spent on it, and it is hoped that the successive classes will endeavor to present plays of equally high standard produced with equally fine dramatic ability.

On the morning of May 27th, Major P. M. Churchill (Class of '90) addressed the High School on the significance of Memorial Day.

"1921"

A class meeting was held Wednesday, May 4th, resulting in the election of ushers and committees for the class play. Those chosen for ushers were Virginia Churchill, Helen Baker, Marion Nutter, Lee Waterman, Carl Edson, and Clayton Leach. Business committee: Henry Perkins chairman, Edward Barker and Roland Hall. Music committee: Edna Leonard chairman, Grace Winters and Raymond Leach. Refreshment committee: Bessie Thompson chairman, Mildred Simpson and Howard Drew. The class voted on colors, deciding on Blue and Gold.

"1922"

The Junior Class during the first week of May held several meetings in order to arrange for the Junior Prom, which is given annually by the Junior Class.

The following were nominated for a constitution committee: Chairman, Clayton Leach; Virginia Churchill and Carl Edson.

"1923"

A committee of five was appointed by the Sophomore Class to take charge of a Christmas Party to be held on the evening of December 23, 1920. The committee was composed of Marion Redfield, Ruth Seaver, Louise Willis, Ames Hettrick and Ralph Leland.

Presents were distributed by Santa Claus (Mr. Hempel), several numbers were given by the orchestra, games were played, refreshments were served and dancing, with music furnished by the orchestra, was enjoyed.

Long live the Class of 1923!

"1924"

The Freshman Class have appointed Miss Barnes and Miss Murray as faculty advisors. On April 12th, Brown and Gold were chosen as class colors, and at the next meeting it was decided to have a Latin motto, "Carpe Diem" being chosen.

LITERARY

VACATION

(Prize Poem)

Isn't it great when vacation comes
With its swimming, and sailing, and all—
When you banish your books and your fountain pen,
And you get out your bat and ball;
When the only thing is a circus parade,
Or the beach with its happy throng;
Then all the day-time seems too short,
And the night-time seems too long.

Isn't it great when vacation comes,
And we wish 'twould last a year;
Why! the best of it is almost gone,
Before we know it's here.
And after the weeks have come and gone,
And you're back in school with your chums,
You'll long for the swimming, and sailing, and all—
And just wish vacation would come.

Mary L. Carleton '22.

THE PILGRIMS

(Honorable Mention)

O wondrous little town among the hills—
Home of a sturdy race of long ago,
That sailed across the sea from alien shores
To make a home among the ice and snow.

They came to find relief from tyrant's rule;
Freedom of thought and love of God found birth
Three centuries ago. They're living still;
Their name is known for freedom on the earth.

They lived and died, this sturdy race of old;
Their dauntless spirit lives among us still;
The mayflower trails its sweetness o'er their graves,
The nation's growth their fondest hopes fulfill.

Helen Baker '22.

A TALE FROM BILL SALT

'Twas a fine June afternoon, and the three girls had come to the pier to see if old Bill Salt was in the mood to take them rowing. They were waiting for an opportune time to broach the subject, when from the fishing float at the side of the pier came an agonizing wail, which ended in a gurgle. The girls gasped, ran to the edge of the pier, and stopped to gaze in fright on a drowning boy of five. Not so with Bill Salt; he also ran to the edge, but then hurried, stiff leg and all, down the stairs to the fishing float. He quickly seized a boat-hook from one of the dories at the float and quickly fished the youngster out and sent him bawling home.

After he had regained the pier, and lighted his pipe, he ejaculated, "Great Sea Sarpints! but that makes me think of the last time Jack Bowline fell overboard."

"Oh! do tell us about it," exclaimed Delia, and in

chimed Dora and Daisy, with the regular echo, "Do! please do!"

"Well," began Bill, after taking a big pull at his pipe, "its like this. Y'see, during the Boxer rebellion, the "Bounding Billow" was in the harbor at Pekin, and Jack and I had been on board ship for six months, so we wanted to go ashore to stretch our legs. Well, the skipper said, 'No,' and the first mate said 'No,' but we would go.

We were walkin' round the town, when up in back of us came a bunch of Chinese sculpins, who cut off our retreat. Well, I was for runnin', but Jack could rattle off about eight languages, Chinese among 'em, so I had to stay and let him talk to 'em. They talked and talked, until finally the leader got mad. I'll be keel-hauled if he didn't take and pick Jack up just as pretty! Two others grabbed me, and bent a rope onto my hands and legs; then they took both of us aboard a Chinese junk that was just getting ready to cast off."

Bill paused here, scanned the sea, puffed on his pipe a while, then turned to the girls and resumed the story. "Those heathen cast off, and we were stowed in the hold till we got out to sea. Then they came on deck and set us to work. The boss came around and began jeerin' in Chinese to Jack. Well, that jest natchelly riz his temper; he was red-headed, too. Well, I listened a while, but I couldn't make anything of his contortions; but Jack got mad and stuck his ham in that pirate's mouth, then all the rest of them heathen jumped on the two of us. Y'see, I couldn't put up much of a kick 'cause there was three of them on me, but Jack put up an awful scrap, and the boss Chineese had one black eye more and one tooth less when they got us in the hold again.

Them heathen kep' us in the hold most three weeks, and every day the boss would come and look us over, taunt Jack, and mebbe once in a while kick him. I know some things Jack said to him wa'n't complimentry, and they made the heathen madder'n tripe.

While sailing with the junk we overtook smaller craft; a fight generally followed, while Yong Lan, that's

the boss, generally sunk the other boats and took their cargoes. We now knew that we had been shanghaied aboard the most bloodthirsty pirateer in heathen waters.

At about six bells one afternoon, Yong Lan came down for his usual conference. Whether Jack had thunk up a new cuss word or what, I never had time to hear, but anyway Yong hollered somethin', and two of his men jumped through the hatch. We were so weak that we couldn't resist, so they took us on deck and tied us to the rail. I guess they would have whipped us to death, but Jack says somthing more to them, and up pops Yong Lan with another order, 'n here's what they done: they untied both of us, set me on a coil of rope and took Jack, tying him up by his thumbs to the mast so'st his feet could just touch the deck when we was on an even keel; every time the ship rolled, out swung Jack, hanging by his thumbs, mind you! I don't expect any man could'a stood it long, but Jack stuck it out for ten minutes before keelin' over. After he fainted Yong Lan came up and by cutting off Jack's thumbs he took the limp body down."

The girls cried "Oh," drew in their breaths, and exchanged awed glances.

"I suppose after feeling the pain of having his thumbs cut off, Jack kind o' come to. Anyway, he grabbed Yong Lan with the strength of a maniac, and, with a fierce look on his face, he heaved the pirate as if to throw him overboard. Yong held on with a grip of terror and as they grappled, fell, and rolled toward the rail, two of the crew jumped to save their leader, but too late, for Jack, with the strength of many men in his arms, and the light of many demons in his eyes, gave another heave and the two went overboard together, the Chinees lettin' out a high gurglin' shriek like the little feller when he fell in just now." Bill clamped his pipe into his mouth, puffed an instant, then paused to conclude with an air of finality, "We never see either of them afterwards," and resumed his smoking.

"Oh! but how did *you* get away?" inquired Delia.

"Well, y'see, I fainted about then, and when I come to I was swimming in the water holding onto the cabin

roof that had washed overboard with me when we struck a squall. Anyway, I got ashore to Hong Kong time enough to get aboard the "Billows," which was just coaling up at that port."

"That's fine, isn't it," said Delia, turning to the other girls, who, of course, always agreed with her. Then, while Bill blew rings of smoke into the air, the girls tried to decide who was to ask Bill to take them rowing, when Bill, the sly sea-dog, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Now, I don't s'pose you girls'd care to row over to Deer Island with me, would ye?"

"Oh, you're a peach!" cried Delia.

"A darling!" from Dora.

"He's a dear old sailor man," added Daisy, at which Bill chuckled and went for his oars.

"Bill Salt" '22.

THE HISTORY OF 1921.

A short while ago, June 5, 1961 to be exact, while browsing over some old volumes in the Boston Public Library, I came upon a very large leather-bound book, entitled "The History of 1921." As the title aroused my curiosity, I examined the book and found it to be an exact, detailed history of the class of 1921 of E. B. H. S. Unfortunately, I have not room here to give more than a few of the most interesting parts.

The first chapter was entitled "Invasion," and told me how, on September 3, 1917, an army of forty-four highly-cultured and intelligent people swooped down on a tribe of uncouth barbarians known as the class of 1920. After a short but decisive engagement, the class of '20 fled precipitately down the hall to the next room—a flight which, I found, continued for three years, until the barbarians were completely driven from the building, with the exception of two unfortunates, whom the generous class of '21 kindly allowed to remain in order to absorb a little of their superior culture.

I found several chapters of the history to be taken up with the government and internal relations of this class. While the class was successful in all its external wars, these really served as practices to keep them in trim for their long drawn out revolutions, politely called "class meetings." The first leader and the one that led the attack of September 3, was John Dillon. Edna Packard and Philip Murphy held the office for the next two years. The last leader and the best of them, General Bryden, held the office excellently during the last of the third year and all of the fourth. There were many skirmishes between the two factions of the class, the last one occurring on February 8th. At the beginning of the battle, General Bryden was severely wounded and forced to retire from the field. However, her forces rallied under the leadership of Lieutenant-Commander Roland Hall, and upon the arrival of Commander-in-Chief Barnes, rapidly proceeded to drive the enemy from the field. General Bryden soon recovered so that she could lead her victorious forces once more, and, as the leaders of the bolsheviks were dead, the class was enabled to continue in peace and harmony with but one party and but one aim to the end of their career.

This whole period from 1917 to 1921 is now known as the golden age of E. B. H. S. This marvelous class was successful in all things, even making immense internal improvements while carrying on devastating wars. Art and literature flourished under their control as never before, while the large number of successful dramatic performances filled the class coffers to overflowing.

The last chapter on "Manners and Customs" was the most interesting of all. The style of Cootie garages was adopted by the more radical, such as Gladys Nelson and Grace Smith. Bobbed hair prevailed to some extent, the most important case being that of Helen Bryden, although hers disappeared shortly after she became General Bryden, probably because of the inconsistency of a bobbed-haired girl leading the attacks on the class bolsheviks. As time goes on the language of a country undergoes great changes. Among the obsolete phrases of 1921 may be mentioned

Grace Smith's quaint habit of referring to the chief executive of the United States as "the governor," Peter Cook's favorite "I hain't a doin' nawthin'," Campbell's growl, "Vrgowoah," Archer's everlasting "Will you please repeat," and Dillons chopstick chorus, "Dum-de-dum-dum-ta-ta." I also noticed a paragraph on Miss Nelson's Cleopatra walk, and one about the distress in Miss Leonard's voice when she asks permission, "Oh! CAN'T I do it?"

In fact, I discovered from that old history that the marvelous class of 1921 was unconquerable in war and peace, and set such wonderful examples and such a high standard for the following classes that they were not surpassed for many a year.

Edward Barker '21.

—o—

CLASS WILL.

We, the Class of 1921, being morally, mentally (?), and physically sound and feeling that we are not long for this world, do hereby take this opportunity to make a last disposition of our worldly goods to you, our friends, enemies, and classmates in our High School. We reserve the right to said possessions, however, until 12:01 p. m., June 24, 1921. We charge you to cherish these precious possessions which have been ours, and to keep with them the memory of the Class of 1921 which has gone before.

First: To the Faculty, one and all, we leave the memory of the best-behaved class that ever entered the spacious portals of the East Bridgewater High School.

Second: To Mr. Roche we leave the memory of an attentive group of listeners to his imperial ravings.

Third: To Joe we leave the sweet memory of chalk dust on the floor.

Fourth: To the Juniors we leave the Senior Room and all there is in it. May they keep it ever as cheerful a spot as we have.

Fifth: To the Sophomores we leave our unequalled ability for conducting social events (?).

Sixth: To the Freshmen we leave the mental ability for which we were noted.

Last, but not least, we leave our personal possessions to the following fortunate individuals, trusting that they will appreciate and make the most of their bequests:

To Eddy Pendergast: Howard Drew's "fly-catching" ability.

To Carl Edson: Philip Murphy's spare feet.

To Nelson Perkins: Dick Morey's long legs.

To Maynard Ellis: Helen Bryden's skill in conducting "tame" class meetings.

To Mildred Belknap: Rose Colson's wild ways.

To Richard Keith: Lawrence Archer's "gift of gab."

To Clayton Leach: Michael Roach's sense of humor.

To Lee Waterman: "Digger" Campbell's mathematical mind.

To Marion Nutter: Bessie Thompson's vampy eyes.

To Norma Washburn: Grace Winters' diamond ring 'n everything.

To Louise Copeland: Mildred Simpson's surplus height.

To Mildred Belknap: Grace Smith's demureness.

To Wentworth MacCormack: Peter Cook's vivid coloring (to match his hair).

To Norris Luddy: Robert Hazard's curly locks.

To Ames Hettrick: Raymond's place in the corridor.

To Calder Bacon: Anna Leland's "shimmy pug."

To Dana Bacon: Edward Barker's way with the women.

To Dot Morris: Ardell Perkins' interest at the post office.

To Rufus Keith: John Dillon's B. B. prowess.

To Virginia Churchill: Edna Leonard's power to charm (?) us on Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

To Dick Moorhouse: Roland Hall's misplaced affections.

To John Murphy: Henry Perkins' complexion.

To Eleanor Houghton: Gladys Nelson's puritanical (?) and winsome ways.

To Ames Hettrick: Carroll Hall's business ability.

To Edna Reed: Ray Roach's sylphlike form.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal.

Gladys M. Nelson,
Notary Public.

Witnesses:

Entirely Un Necessary.

R. Grapenuts.

CLASS PROPHECY.

After ten years in a large city, working hard from morn till night, I decided to return to my old home to spent a quiet, restful week-end; therefore, one May morning, I started, in my little roadster, over the trail to "Home, sweet home."

I may truly say that the greatest surprise of my life was when I came into East Bridgewater, and found that almost in a night it had grown into a large city, a city which, I heard a passer-by remark, might soon be the capital of Massachusetts! I drove slowly through a wide street, gazing at the high buildings, looking for a familiar face amongst the crowd that thronged the sidewalks, and reading the sign-boards over the shops, when "Bang"! I had knocked a silent police over, and a cop stood in front of me, waving his club and muttering threats. The policeman was none other than Howard Drew, who, when he recognized me, grinned in his good-natured way and directed me to the Central Garage, where he said I could find a remedy for my dented mud-guard.

I went around to the garage and, as I drove through the door, I noticed the sign: "Central Garage—J. J. Dillon, Prop." Advancing, in search of the proprietor, I spied a pair of feet protruding from under a flivver, a pair of feet that looked strangely familiar. On my calling to the owner, a grease-smearred face, which I immediately recognized as belonging to John Dillon, came into view. Of course, John was glad to see me, and promised to have my car fixed at noon.

I then sauntered down Broadway and, noticing an attractive looking fashion shop, I went in to buy a new hat. I was met by a tall, dark lady, swathed in a peacock blue gown, who spoke very softly, and asked if Mam'selle Ardelle could do something for me. My goodness! It was Ardelle Perkins!

I next decided to visit the places of interest in the dazzling new metropolis, so I went to the city hall to obtain a guide. A bright-looking young man walked briskly up to me. Who was he? Don't you remember Bob Hazard, whose curly hair was the envy of all the school-girls? After renewing acquaintance with Bob, I was taken to see the mayor, whom I found leaning back in his chair, smoking a long black cigar, while a trim little secretary was writing letters. Both looked familiar, but—ah! the mayor was Raymond Roach and his secretary Helen Bryden! As usual, Raymond was taking life easy. At that minute an excited office boy dashed by and nearly bumped into me. To my amazement, I found him to be Lawrence Campbell.

On leaving the City Hall, my attention was attracted by a speaker who was standing on the steps, waving his hands, shaking his head, and talking in a loud voice. It was Michael Roach, speaking on prohibition.

Opposite the City Hall was the savings bank, so I thought I would go in and get a check cashed. As I entered the bank a bright red something passed the window and dazzled my eyes. Goodness! What was it? It was Philip Murphy's red head. At a desk near by him sat his secretary, Mildred Simpson.

Farther down the avenue I passed a large gate on which was this inscription: "Barker Institute of Technology." The name seemed familiar to me and as I stood looking at the inscription a tall man strode down the walk. It was Edward Barker, president and founder of the institute, who took me through the buildings, showing me many of his ingenious inventions. In the laboratory I saw Lawrence Archer, professor of chemistry.

Barker was going up to the High School on business, so I went along with him. There I met both Rose Colson

and Grace Smith, the former being a Latin teacher. Grace Smith, as her first name implies, was a very graceful gym teacher, directing a class of girls in bloomers and middies, while an orchestra marked the time for their exercises.

Grace was going over to Elmwood, the residential section of the city, to lunch with an old school chum and she invited me to go with her. When we drove up to a dear, little love-nest I saw on the porch a bright-haired young woman. It was the other Grace of our class of '21.

After dinner we drove out to Halifax to see the modern farms; one particularly interested me. On the porch of the farm house was a young man, reclining in a hammock and, with a telescope, watching his help at work in the fields, the barn and the dairy. Wishing to know the inventor of that clever method of supervising the hired help, I stopped at the house and found that it was Peter Cook, who, as well as Mayor Roach, still believed in taking life easy.

On returning to the city I stopped at the hospital, where I met Anna Leland, dietitian, and Bessie Thompson, head nurse.

I left the hospital and walked down the avenue, hoping to find a park where I might go and rest for a while. Instead of finding a park, I found Carroll Hall, who was in town for a few months, supervising the building of a new plant at the Edison Works. Carroll was on his way to a ball game, so I went along.

I saw a very exciting game between the East Bridge-water Tigers and the New York Yankees—and the hero of the day was Dick Morey, who beat Babe Ruth by getting two home runs to Ruth's one. Of course, East Bridge-water won the game.

That evening, when passing the City Theatre, I noticed on a poster—Gladys Nelson in "The Follies of 1930." I had known a girl in high school by that name, but could it be the same one? I entered the theatre and, sure enough, it was the same old Gladys, with her flashing eyes, her captivating ways, and her Cleopatra walk.

The next morning, which was Sunday, I went to church in Elmwood and heard a very interesting sermon preached

by the Rev. Henry Perkins, the subject being "The Futility of Haste." His extreme dignity of mien held the congregation spellbound.

As I was leaving the church I saw a dark young naval officer in a white suit, talking to a group of ladies. I immediately recognized his manner and knew that it was Roland Hall. His vessel was in Matfield Navy Yard and he was home on a furlough. As usual, Jock was making the best use of his time.

That afternoon I went to a concert at the East Bridgewater Opera House. The piano soloist, who was a very distinguished looking gentleman, proved to be Mr. Raymond Edgar Leach.

Late in the afternoon I drove slowly out of the city towards home, after spending a "quiet, restful week-end." I could not help thinking what a funny old world it was.

Edna S. Leonard '21.

ALUMNI NOTES

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

1874

Mrs. Edith Paine Benedict was a member of the class of 1874, which held its graduation in the old Methodist church. She has seven children, one of them, the Rev. Hawthorne Benedict, being now in Poland with the Y. M. C. A. During the World War Miss Miriam Benedict served as a nurse in Paris. Another daughter, Mrs. Naboth Hedin, was in Paris throughout the war and assisted her husband, who was a war correspondent.

1885

Simeon Keith, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is now in China, being connected with the egg-drying industry there. Mr. Keith has travelled extensively in Europe.

1889

Edward Fickett is the manager of Fickett's Teachers' Agency at No. 9 Beacon street, Boston.

1890

Mr. George Churchill, A. B. Boston University, A. M., Ph. D. George Washington University, who is now assistant professor of English and American History at the George Washington University, was for a time employed in the Library of Congress. His home is in Bethesda, Md.

1892

Warren Shaw of Brockton is a member of the insurance firm of Fullerton & Shaw.

1893

Charles C. Whitman owns a retail lumber business at 70 Kilby street, Boston.

Horace Smith of 72 Courtland street, Bridgeport, holds a position as head chemist for the Columbia Graphophone Co.

1896

Winthrop Allen of Hyde Park is employed by the Sturtevant Blower Works.

1897

Mrs. Ralph Phillips, formerly Miss Elizabeth A. Adams, practiced for three years as a nurse after graduating from the Boston City Hospital. She now lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

1899

M. Davitt Carroll graduated from Bridgewater Normal School in 1903. He received the B. S. degree at Harvard University in 1904 and the A. M. at Brown in 1919. Mr. Carroll taught in the Science Department of the Holyoke, Mass., High School 1904-1906, was principal of the

Frye Grammar School, Lewiston, Maine, 1906-1910, taught in the Farmington, Maine, Normal School, in the summer of 1909, and taught in the Grochan, Maine, Normal School, during the summer of 1910. He has been in Providence since 1910, being principal of the Manton Ave. School 1901-1912, the Candace St. School in 1912-1918, and the Bridgham School since 1918. The Bridgham School, with 1,700 pupils and 50 teachers, is the largest elementary school under one roof in New England. Mr. Carroll is also the principal of the Knights of Columbus Free Evening School for demobilized service men at Providence, with over 2,000 students enrolled in two years. He is secretary of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction (State Teachers Association).

1900

Maud Blake is a kindergarten teacher in the Salem Public School. Miss Blake graduated from the Page Kindergarten Normal School.

1900

Mildred Spear is employed in the O. K.'ing branch of the order department of the G. E. Keith executive building.

1913

Miss Margaret Hobart took a post-graduate course until March, 1914. She is a life member of Dussant's School of Languages. Miss Hobart is at present employed by a Chicago firm.

1915

Percy Robbins is the principal of Mendon High School. Mr. Robbins graduated from the Northeastern College.

1918

Jean Staples attended the Springfield College for one year, after which she entered Smith College. She is now a Junior there.

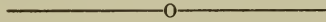
Miss Caroline Chandler is attending the Boston Conservatory of Music and is also giving piano lessons.

1919

Benjamin Webber is now in his second year at Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, Boston.

1920

Herbert Carville is a member of the Boston University Men's Glee Club.



A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

(Being extracts from a letter from Miss Priscilla Doe, who has been spending the last year in the "land of lilies.")

There are two kinds of travelers who are interested in Bermuda: those who have already been here (who are invariably anxious to come again) and those to whom so far it has been only a name; most of the latter have dreamed of making the trip "some time," and have vaguely comprehended that Bermuda was a delightful spot at the end of a delightful voyage (if you are not seasick).

Bermuda is about seven hundred miles southeast of New York and about six hundred miles east of Charleston, South Carolina. Lying midway in the ocean, the island has neither the cold of the north nor the heat of the tropics. One may leave New York on a Saturday so cold he hardly dares to breathe the air, and enter Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, on the following Monday under blue skies, with the balmy air of the south to greet him.

To visit the coral reefs or marine gardens, we leave Hamilton on the steamer Triton with glass-bottomed boats in tow. Through the glass bottom no ripples of water can mar the sight; the first thought in looking down is of a beautiful carpet spread all beneath us, the groundwork representing moss covered with flowers and figures in striking effects.

"Oh, I'd like to have that sea fan!" cries some one, and, with long-handled nippers, the boatman secures the desired piece, which must be bleached to keep.

The shores of Bermuda are fringed with mangrove, prickly pear, citron, orange, lemon and lime trees. Palm trees are numerous: royal palm, cocoanut, date, screw, sago, and palmetto palm; the leaves of the latter are used for building and thatching cabins and for making hats and fancy baskets.

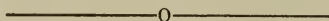
The caves of Bermuda are most wonderful works of nature, each one different and well worth a visit. Prospero's Magic Cave is said to be the scene of Shakespeare's "Tempest"; the bust of Shakespeare may be seen here, also a great pipe organ on which the guides may play a selection. In these caves, some of the projections are as thick and sturdy as a giant's club, others as light and filmy as a bit of gauze.

Among Bermudian sports are boating, sailing, canoeing, fishing, still water and surf bathing. Tennis, croquet and golf, driving, cycling and walking are very much enjoyed here, where there are no motor cars or trolleys, for Bermuda's modes of transportation are only by carriage, ferry, bicycle or "Shank's Mare."

And, after all, one of the biggest and best of pleasures is just living—living where the air has never been contaminated by soot, where you need neither cordial to put you to sleep nor an alarm clock to get you up, nor dinner-bell to tell you when it's time to eat.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of Bermuda; all I can say is, "Come and see the works of God, wonders without number."

Priscilla G. Doe, E. B. H. S. 1920.



Conversation between two petit Freshmen, the day after the lecture on school spirit:—

Stetson: "Gee, that went in one ear and out the other."

Churchill: "Too bad there wasn't something in the center to stop it."

INSHOOTS

E. B. H. S. ART GALLERY

The Age of Innocence.....	1921
A Deer (dear) Family.....	Seniors
The Contented Flock.....	Juniors
The Herd	Sophomores
Cherubs	Freshmen
The Man with the Pinks.....	Leslie Anderson
Song of the Lark	Virginia Stevens
Singing Boys.....	Boys' Glee Club
Vanity	Calder Bacon
Their Serene (?) Highnesses.....	The Faculty
The Jester.....	Philip Murphy
Cupid	Carl Edson
The Broken Pitcher.....	Pat Reardon
The Man with the Hoe.....	Joe Morey
Innocence	Gladys Nelson
Somebody's Pets.....	Bob Matthews and Dick Moorhouse
Our Lady of Consolation.....	Miss Andrews
On the Alert.....	Miss Barnes
Composition Day.....	Monday in the Latin Classes
Little Scholar.....	Edward Barker
Touch Me Not.....	Helen Baker
Fathers of the Pack.....	Mr. Hempel and Mr. Roche
Kiss Me.....	Marion Nutter
The Man with the Glove.....	Raymond Roach
Wasp	Virginia Churchill
Rustic Children.....	All of us
Dear Lady Disdain.....	Ardelle Perkins
A Helping Hand.....	Ames Hettrick

Marion Nutter to Miss Andrews: "Miss Barnes wants you to come in on the telephone."

Miss Wilsker to P. Murphy, who was endeavoring to eat a cinnamon cannon ball: "Do you want any help?"

Eng. Teacher: "What is the meaning of ascertain?"

Sleepy Chem. Shark: "Oh, it's a newly discovered form of acetate."

Mathematically speaking, the conduct of the pupil varies as the square of the distance from the teacher.

On Freshman English paper: "Freckles, which is the boy's name, ran away."

Ray Leach (at basketball game): "There goes Matthews; he'll be our best man next year."

Norma Washburn: "Oh, Ray, this is so sudden!"

Campbell (in algebra IV): "How many rods are there in an acre?"

Paine: "Mrs. Sawin, how long could I live without brains?"

Mrs. Sawin: "Well, that remains to be seen."

Bernice Archer: "Where'd you get the black eye?"

Richard Keith: "I told the conductor that I was traveling on my face, and he punched the ticket."

Miss Wilsker (in Commercial Law): "Now, Miss Nelson, what do they call the man who dies?"

Miss Nelson: "Oh, he's the corpse."

"Oh, that night of all dark nights."—Ask Seaver, he knows!

Dick Morey: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Ray Roach: "No, who teaches it?"

Mr. Roche: "What is lustrous?"

MacCormack: "My hair."

Helen Baker: "Would you like to hear me sing 'All Thru' the Night'?"

Andy: "No, I have to be in by midnight."

Dick Keith: "The other night I heard a burglar—you should have seen me going down the steps, two at a time."

Went MacCormack: "Where was he, on the roof?"

Hazard (after being hit in the head during baseball practice): "Mr. Roche, will you give me something for my head?"

Mr. Roche: "No, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

Amusements come, and amusements go; but work goes on forever.

Gladys Nelson and Henry Perkins have taken to floor walking. Who'd a thunk it?

Mr. Roche to Hettrick: "I know what's been the trouble with you lately. You'll get over it; they all do." And he did!

Anyone desiring information about a certain instructor may ask Edna; she knows!

Miss Murray, with a deep sigh in Latin III and IV: "Oh, that I might paint the agonized expressions on your faces!"

Antiques:—

Andy's consumptive cough, and one lung.

Mr. Roche and his "allowances."

"Miss Nutter, please take the corner seat!"

Clayton and his love affairs.

Carl and Ellie—Ray and Norma.

Miss Andrews (discussing periods of youth): "Class, at what time in life are we the best?"

Freshie: "When we're asleep."

Mr. Roche (to Reardon): "Before you come in here tomorrow, please grease your joints."

Reardon: "It's the chair that squeaks!"

It used to be "poor prunes," then "Razzberries," now "Raizzins." What next?

Mlle. Wilsker (in French III): "Mlle. Archer, quel temps fait-il?"

Mlle. Archer: "Er-r-r-oh! il est onze heures dix."

Mlle. Wilsker: "Siddown!"

Mlle. Archer: "Oh yer-er—j'ai six ans."

Mlle. Wilsker: **!!!!??***** "N'est-ce pas?"

In English IV A—Miss Andrews: "Miss Winters, whom do you like better, Van Dyke or O. Henry?"

Miss Winters: "Oh, I like O. Henry much better."

We're glad Miss Wilder isn't the superlative!

Science II A—Mrs. Sawin: "Anybody who doesn't keep still may leave the room. Our subject is clams this morning."

Later: "I can't seem to make this clam shut up."

Brains (from the rear): "Send him *out*."

o

MARKS

How the days and weeks roll by,
And they almost seem to fly,
Leaving us all to strive and work
Lest zeros may in the green book lurk.

There are some who work real hard,
And when they receive their card
All A's appear upon the line,
But that's not the way with mine.

Some people do not need to plug,
But I myself feel like a thug,
When with no studying receive a ten.
Honestly, how do *you* feel then?

Raymond E. Leach '21.

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

Credit is due to the 1920-21 basketball team, which won the championship of southeastern Massachusetts. Many surrounding teams claimed this honor, but upon challenge from Manager Mathews to play a series of games to decide the question, they withdrew in favor of East Bridgewater.

Basketball Schedule.	Score	
	E. B. H. S.	Oppo. nents.
Nov. 30—Sloyd Training School of Boston...	12	14
Dec. 3—Oliver Ames at East Bridgewater....	34	16
Dec. 14—Brockton Y. M. C. A., E. Bridgewater	30	24
Dec. 21—N. Abington Y. M. C. A., E. B'water	40	19
Jan. 1—Mansfield High at E. Bridgewater...	32	16
Jan. 4—Cleo Five of East Bridgewater.....	18	6
Jan. 11—North Abington at Abington.....	24	11
Jan. 14—Stoughton at E. Bridgewater.....	30	15
Jan. 18—Randolph Int.....	87	12
Jan. 22—Mansfield at Mansfield.....	30	18
Jan. 25—Stoughton at Stoughton.....	21	7
Feb. 1—Carver at E. Bridgewater.....	54	14
Feb. 4—East Bridgewater at Rockland.....	27	13
Feb. 8—Whitman at Whitman.....	30	5
Feb. 11—Bridgewater at E. Bridgewater....	19	13
Feb. 16—Rockland at E. Bridgewater.....	11	9
Feb. 18—E. Bridgewater at North Easton....	12	8
Feb. 25—E. Bridgewater at Bridgewater....	51	36
Mar. 1—Whitman at E. Bridgewater.....	26	15
Mar. 4—Stoughton at E. Bridgewater.....	34	20
Mar. 11—Carver at Carver.....	34	19
Mar. 18—Braintree at E. Bridgewater.....	50	23

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

	Score	
	E. B. H. S.	Oppo- nents
Dec. 15—Randolph at Randolph.....	0	28
Dec. 27—Alumni vs. E. B. H. S.....	10	34
Dec. 31—Oliver Ames at E. Bridgewater....	6	16
Jan. 1—Mansfield at E. Bridgewater.....	19	31
Jan. 13—Sharon at E. Bridgewater.....	19	22
Jan. 22—Mansfield at Mansfield.....	12	19
Feb. 3—Brockton Y. M. C. A. at Brockton....	27	21
Feb. 4—Rockland at E. Bridgewater.....	33	13
Feb. 8—Whitman at Whitman.....	34	0
Feb. 11—Bridgewater at E. Bridgewater....	18	20
Feb. 14—Rockland at Rockland.....	26	2
Feb. 18—Oliver Ames at North Easton.....	9	23
Feb. 25—Bridgewater at Bridgewater.....	16	8
Mar. 2—Whitman at E. Bridgewater.....	41	2
Mar. 8—Middleboro at E. Bridgewater....	48	11
Mar. 15—Middleboro at Middleboro.....	15	17
Mar. 18—Randolph at E. Bridgewater.....	18	4
Apr. 6—Brockton Y. M. C. A. at E. Br'gewater	33	39
Apr. 12—Sharon at Sharon.....	33	34

1921 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

	Score	
	E. B. H. S.	Oppo- nents
April 15—Avon H. S. at E. Bridgewater.....	8	5
April 19—Alumni at E. Bridgewater.....	3	4
April 21—Oliver Ames H. S. at E. Bridgewater	8	15
April 25—Rockland H. S. at Rockland.....	7	29
April 27—Avon H. S. at Avon.....	9	8
April 29—Stetson H. S. at Randolph.....	3	7
May 3—Whitman H. S. at E. Bridgewater.....	9	11
May 6—Abington H. S. at E. Bridgewater....	2	15
May 10—Sumner H. S. at Holbrook.....	3	7
May 18—Oliver Ames at North Easton.....	6	7

May 20—Bridgewater H. S. at E. Bridgewater	7	19
May 24—Whitman H. S. at Whitman	7	24
June 1—Rockland H. S. at E. Bridgewater . . .	6	10
June 3—Stetson H. S. at E. Bridgewater . . .		
June 4—Yarmouth H. S. at E. Bridgewater . . .		
June 7—Bridgewater H. S. at Bridgewater . . .		
June 10—Abington H. S. at Abington		

J. R. Matthews, Captain.

Ames Hettrick, Manager.

E. C. Hempel, Faculty Manager.

W. J. Roche, Coach.

Allan T. Fuller

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